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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

REDDY RYLAND;

SHOWING HOW "THE SHINE" WAS TAKEN OUT OF HIM.

LAUGHING, loving, rollicking, rousing, fighting, tearing, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy! of all the kind-hearted, light-hearted, gay-hearted fellows that ever whirled a shillala at a fight (*when he could not help it*, for Reddy declared that otherwise he never fought), or covered the buckle* at a fair, Reddy Ryland was the king! His very face was a jest-book. His eyes, though wild and blue, were not as mischievous as mirthful; his full, flexible mouth was surrounded by folds and dimples, where wit and humour rested at all times and all seasons. His hat sat in a most knowing manner upon the full rich curls of his brown hair; his gay-coloured silk neckerchief was tied so loosely round his throat, that if it were possible he had ever seen a picture of Byron, folk would have said he was imitating the lordly poet; his figure was that of a lithe and graceful mountaineer—his voice the very echo of mirth and joy; and his name for ten miles round his mother's dwelling (Reddy was resolved it should not be considered his until after her death) was sure to excite either a smile or a blessing, perhaps both. With all this, Reddy was careful of the main chance—a good farmer in a small way, and a prosperous one; read Martin Doyle and Captain Blackyer; understood green crops, and stall-fed his cow; had really brewed his own beer twice, and it only turned sour *once*; talked of joining the Temperance Society—though I need not add, that if Reddy had been fond of "the drop," he would not have been the prosperous fellow he was. Here, then, was an Irish peasant free from the common faults of his countrymen; he seldom procastinated; was sober, honest, truthful, diligent, and, to use the phrase which his mother applied to him at least ten times a-day, "was as good a son as ever raised his head beneath the canopy of heaven." What, then, can I have to say about Reddy Ryland, more than to give honour due to his good qualities? If this be all, my task is nearly done; for the language of praise, I am told, is used sparingly by the prudent; people in an ordinary way tire amazingly over the record of their neighbours' virtues. It is very delightful to feel their good effects—to enjoy the advantages arising therefrom; but we do not like to hear them lauded what we call too highly; it is a sort of implied censure on our own imperfections, that we do not relish; consequently, we are by many degrees too anxious to pick out faults, and thrust our tongues therein, as children do their fingers into small rents, to make them larger. The rent, the faulty spot in Reddy's character, was unfortunately large enough for all the tongues in the country to wag through: and let no one suppose that his popularity prevented many a bitter animadversion upon his imperfection; his particular friends never praised him without exclaiming, "Ah, thin, sure he is a darlint; sorra a one like him in the country; and sure it's an angel he'd be all out, but for that fault he has." It certainly is marvellous how our intimates discover and publish our faults, oiling their observations with "what a pity!" Reddy's fault was, in a word, a superabundance of conceit—real personal vanity. When he was a little boy, he used to dress his hair in every tub of water that came in his way; and when he grew up "a slip of a boy," his first pocket-money purchased—a looking-glass.

*A favourite Irish step (not known in quadrilles).

Reddy was intolerably vain; he thought himself the handsomest "boy" in the barony; and more than that, he had the impudence to declare that no woman could refuse him! I must confess that the country girls had, if not sown, cultivated this vanity to a very considerable extent; they paid him a great deal too much attention, which is any thing but good for men in general; and the consequence was, that Reddy considered himself very much as a sort of Irish grand sultan, who had nothing to do but throw his handkerchief upon the favoured fair one; and be she who she might, she would rejoice to become his bride!

"Ah, thin, Reddy dear!" exclaimed his mother one Sunday morning, when Reddy had, even in her opinion, taken a very long time to dress for mass—"Ah, thin, Reddy dear, what ails the shoes?"

"Mother dear, it's boots that's in it; and I'm thinking they'll wrinkle on the instep."

"Well, dear, why are you faulting them so? Sure they're mighty slim and purty to look at; and the only wonder I have, is how ye ever got yer feet into them. Oh, thin, what would yer father say to see ye turning out on the road in single soles, without so much as a sparable in the heel. Oh, my! why, thin, Reddy, you have a mighty purty fut, God bless it!"

"Well, mother, it's nate, I don't deny it," he answered, elevating his foot and viewing it in every position; "I never go out on the floor* without seeing the notice that's taken of it, especially in heel and toe; that's the step to show the shape to advantage—*whoop!*"

And Reddy cut a caper, while his mother said, "Aisy, Reddy; it's time enough to begin that sort of *dearshin* after mass. That's a mighty purty handkerchief ye've got about yer neck, dear; they do be saying you don't close up yer throat because it's so handsome; ye always had a mighty claret skin."

Reddy showed his teeth at the compliment.

"Darling boy, yer hair is a thrifle too long; I'll cut it the morrow morning if ye like."

"Mother," answered Reddy, somewhat indignantly, "ye may dock all the children in the parish, but ye shan't *massacre* my curls any more. Ye spoilt me intirely last fair-day."

"Well, dear," answered the mother, who was perfectly conscious of her son's weakness, though she encouraged it, "there's the bowl dish I always put on yer father's head when I cut his hair, that I might trim it all round, even; one would have thought the dish made on his head, it fitted so beautiful: that was when first we war married; but, bedad! after a fair or a faction fight, the knocks would grow up, and grow out, and push it up—I always allowed for them in the cutting—and he never said—not he (the heavens be his bed!) 'Nell, it's not to my liking.' He was as handsome to the full as you, Reddy, *avick!* but never took as much pride out of himself as you do. Now, don't put a frown upon *your joy of a face* to your ould mother, my son. The times are changed now, and the young men think more of themselves than they used—times and fashions do change, *agra!* Sure I mind the midthress at the big house riding to church on a pillion behind the coachman, in a green josoph, a goold watch as big as your fist, and a beautiful beaver and feathers—jog jump! jog jump! all along the road. And then of a week day, my darlint! to see her up before the maids in the morning at day-break, and rowling out the pastry for company, and clearing jelly!—that was her glory. And now, why, the ladies rides in coaches, and leaves word with the maids to get up, and orders the pastry, and faults the jelly,

* Dance.

† Fair.

avick machree! There's not the heartiness in the country of the good ould times; we're fading from sun-bames into moonbames: *that's* what ails us!"

"Am I a moonbame, mother?" inquired the son, with an insinuating look.

"A moonbame, *avick!* Ah, thin, no; that you aint. You're a flash-o'-lightning-boy—oh! that's what you are. And if you do take a taste of pride out of yerself, who has a better right, and all the country putting it into you!"

Reddy perfectly agreed with his mother, and after giving her a hearty kiss, as it was yet too early for second and too late for first prayers, he thought he would open his heart to her, as he had long intended to do.

"Ah, thin, mother darlint, will ye listen to us for a few minutes, and give us yer advice, which we want at this present time intirely, ye see."

"Why, thin, I will, to be sure, and pray the Lord to put sense into me for that same; for a mother's counsel comes oftener from the heart than from the head. What is it, *avick?*"

"How ould was my father whin he married?"

"Why, thin, not all out twenty-one."

"And I'm twenty-five next Martinmas, please God. Mother, that's a shame."

"That the Lord has given ye so many years, is it?" said the widow, with great *naireté*.

"Dear! how innocent ye are all of a sudden, mother! No, but that I didn't do as my father did before me."

"Ah, thin, no one can reproach ye with that same, *arourneen*; not many a fair in the country but knows the face and the figure of Reddy Ryland to be the same as his father's—and sorra a purty girl that ye havn't made love to, ever since ye counted—Oh, my grief! why, Reddy, you made love to purty Peggy Garvey before you war turned thirteen—that was kind father for ye, any way."

"Mother, now lave off make-believing *innocence*; sure ye know very well what I mane is—it is time I was—married!"

His mother gave a very admirable start of astonishment, and, after a pause, said, "Well! it's only natural, and so—why!—sure my darling boy has only to ax and have, only to pick the country! Ah, thin, Reddy, why don't ye make up yer mind to Ellen Rossiter! It's her people, every one of them, that has the warm house and the warm heart."

"Mother, I've nothing to say against the girl, only I'd be affeard her head would set the house on fire. Now, mother, that's enough. I never could abide red hair."

"It's only auburn, my son; and, sure, after a few years it will be the colour of mine, white like the first snow; beauty's but skin deep, though its memory is pleasant when it does fade. Well, there, I'm done; I'll say no more about her. What do ye think of Miss Kitty Blackney?"

"She's short, mother; all out too short, mother."

"Let her stand on her purse, Reddy dear," replied the mother; "let her stand on that, and she'll be even with Squire Baine's tall poplar tree! Maybe Miss Kitty hasn't a purse! Oh, thin, it's yerself that's hard to be plased; I'll say no more about her, though it's yellow goold she'd give ye to ate, if she had ye. Well, maybe, Mary Murphy is long enough to plase ye!"

"The *stalking coragah!* She is long enough, but her family's not long. I must have blood, bone, and beauty, and that's the thruth, and I'll never marry without it, never throw myself away—that's what I want do. I'll show the country what a wife ought to

be. I'll not marry a girl to be ashamed of her people. I'll not marry a poplar nor a furze bush. I'll not marry for money, nor all out pride, nor all out love, only a little of both. I'd like a girl, ye see, that would be proud of her husband, particularly when we'd be both in our Sunday clothes. I'll never marry a girl that hasn't sunshine in every bit of her face."

"And in her temper, too, I hope; a good temper is a cardinal to a man's heart. It's the nurse of sorrow—the medicine of sickness—the wine at a poor man's table. Whatever ye do, aieck, watch the temper."

"I don't think," said Reddy, looking at himself in the glass that hung from a nail in the dresser; "I don't think any woman could be ill tempered with me."

"The heavens never shone on a better boy, that's thrue; but for all that, some women is mighty ingenuous. But, Reddy, don't marry a girl that's altogether without money; it's a mighty *seer* thing in a house; but don't marry altogether for it."

"Trust me, mother dear; but is there no one else you could think of?"

"Sorra one; unless it be the Flower of Loughgully, and —"

"Don't name her, mother dear, if you please," said Reddy, turning away his face. "I'll not deny that I thought on't a dale of Kathleen O'Brien, a great dale; but nobody ever thought as much of her as she did of herself, and so —"

"She didn't dare refuse you?" observed Mrs Ryland indignantly.

"No, no, not that; but she laughed at me; and I wonder at ye, mother, to name the Flower of Loughgully to me. Ye just did it to get a rise out of me, that's all; but don't do it again, mother. I'll show her, before a month is over her raven hair, that she hands so neat; before another month has made us all nearer to eternity, I'll show her the sort of wife Reddy Ryland can get. I'll —" he paused, overcome by contending feelings to which his mother had no clue; and then, while she thought over his words, he added, with his usual gaily manner, "I've made up my mind to go to Kilkenny next week, where I've heard of one from my cousin to suit me; and, maybe, I won't bring ye a daughter, mother. There's not a girl in this country fit for that, mother," and he looked, not at his mother, but at himself; "not one. And now God be with ye! I've made up my mind to be married, and now I've told you. I'll punish the hearts of the girls—of the girl, any way, that—But God be with ye, mother; I must not lose mass," and off he bounded, leaving his mother to recall, and cogitate, over the old adage of the more haste the worse speed.

"If," said she, "after all, he should marry out of spite to the Flower of Loughgully, what might come of it? I named her last, to see if he would speak of her, but he did not; and yet I'm sure his heart turned to her above all others, though he'd never give in to her, nor she to him—she has such a spirit! And sometimes, I think, I make too much of my boy, but I can't help it. His face, so handsome, so like his father's; and his voice, when he calls me in the morning, or blesses me at night, I often think my own darling is with me again! Pray the Almighty," said the widow, after a long pause, and clasping her hands, "pray the Almighty, that, after having had the pick of the country, he don't take the crooked stick at last!"

Now, it so happened that the widow Ryland did every thing in her power to prevent her son's visit to Kilkenny; but she had not accustomed him to contradiction, and he would go, and he did go; and the neighbours said Reddy Ryland was gone to Kilkenny to bring home a wife; and when Kathleen O'Brien, the Flower of Loughgully, heard that, she wept bitterly, for she had calculated on the influence of her own beauty over the heart of her lover, having altogether forgotten how completely Reddy was absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. A woman never can have much power over a vain man.

Three weeks elapsed, and Reddy returned to his home, and his foot and eye were both heavy; the elasticity had departed from the one, and the brightness from the other. His mother pressed him to her bosom, and his neighbours crowded to welcome his arrival. Many a hand was extended; and "sure we'll have some fun now ye're come back," said one. "Ah, thin, it was a quare wake Andy Magaveney had, poor man; the pipes weren't half smoked, and the dancing not worth a farthing, 'cause you warn't in it," said another. "Sure ye never saw a gayer boy than yerself, Reddy, since ye left it," exclaimed a third. "Well, he's with us again, any how. But, Reddy, where's the Kilkenny lady you war to bring to show us the fashions?" inquired a fourth.

Reddy laughed, and turned off the question, and called for some whisky to treat his friends. His mother observed he made his punch double its usual strength; and, as she said afterwards, an "impression" came over her heart "like the hand o' death," for she saw something was wrong, and she sat looking at her son with tears in her eyes; even when their friends were gone, she had not courage to ask him if he was married; but Reddy walked to the table after he had shut the door, and, filling out a great glass of whisky, drank it off, and then said,

"Mother, wish me joy. Joy, joy, mother! I'm married!"

"Oh, Reddy, it isn't possible that's thrue—without ever consulting yer mother, or letting her see yer choice!"

"It's as thrue, mother—as bad luck."

"Oh, Reddy, my own son, has she 'the blood' you talked about? Is she of an ancient family all out?"

"Mother," answered Reddy, after a pause, "it's not aisy to get every thing."

"Oh, wish! if ye'd thought of that before, ye need not have gone to Kilkenny for a wife. Well, I dare say she's a fine figure of a woman. She has *bone*, any how!"

"None to spare," said the hard-to-be-pleased-gentleman; "however, she's my wife."

"And a beauty?" added the mother; "I'm sure, sartin sure, she has beauty!"

"The devil as much as would fit on the top of a grasshopper's toe," replied her son impetuously.

"Not blood, nor bone, nor beauty! Well, maybe she has better materials than any of them to make a good wife. She was your cousin's recommending, and he knew how much you wanted a girl to set a pattern to the country."

"She was not my cousin's recommending, mother; but somehow she's a very town-bred woman, and took a wonderful liking to me."

"A good education's a fine thing," said Mrs Ryland, almost weeping, for, like all the Irish, she laid great value on the qualities Reddy had confessed she did not possess; but she was a gentle-hearted woman, and desired, in her simple wisdom, to make the best of every thing—no bad wisdom either.

"It is, mother," sighed the bridegroom.

"But what has she besides the education, Reddy?" inquired his mother, seeing that her beloved son sat moodily with his hands clasped resting on the table, and his chin fixed upon them. "What has she besides the education?"

"Two small children," was Reddy's reply.

"Oh, Reddy, Reddy, is that the end of ye!" exclaimed his distracted mother; "you, the pride of the county—the beauty of the parish, that might have had the pick of the whole county for a wife!—you who was thought so much of, and who thought so much of yerself!"

"You're right, mother!" interrupted Reddy; "that last did it. If it hadn't been for that, I might have been content with— But no matter—it's all over now. She was a widow, mother; and I was so sure not to be caught by a widow, that I took no heed. I persuaded her to stop half way, and that I'd take the car for her."

"And the children?" added his mother. "And the same car can take me out of this; two widows are too much for any man's house. Oh, Reddy, Reddy, to think of this! to think of this! how you war taken in! How was it?"

But Reddy would not tell; the affair was a mystery. His old mother was broken-hearted; she refused to remain in his house, though somewhat comforted by the information that the bride was rich, though red haired; and at last, unable to withstand the strong entreaties of her son, she agreed to receive her before she departed. The next day was one of mingled curiosity and lamentation amongst the female population of the neighbourhood, while the men agreed, with something like satisfaction, that "the shine" was now taken out of handsome, loving, rousing, fighting, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy Ryland. If "the shine," as they called it, was taken out of Reddy by the mere "report," how much more was he either to be pitied or exulted over when the bride made her appearance! His poor mother could not support it. Of all the crooked sticks, she was the most crooked that had ever been seen. How the married men laughed and talked of bachelors' wives, and how the young men tittered, and the young girls peeped from under their hoods at the broad, bold, ruddy-faced—was that his choice, indeed! No sunshine in her face; and such a tongue! In less than two months every body sympathised with the young farmer: his vanity was punished. He was fading into a shadow, and certainly his feelings were not soothed by an incident, which is nothing to tell, but a great deal to feel. He met Kathleen O'Brien one morning at the turn of a particular lane, where he had often met her before. She did not recognise him at first, but his voice. "Kathleen, we may be friends, Kathleen—you will not laugh at me now—it was that did it, Kathleen—that: my pride could not bear it; but I'm punished. I've had the fall which they say follows pride. Want you spake! Sure the whole country sees 'the shine' is taken out of Reddy Ryland." Went ye bid God bless me! I've need of a blessing, Kathleen. I own I did it to vex ye. Want ye forgive me?"

Kathleen, the Flower of Loughgully, could not speak the forgiveness that came to her lips, but turned away from her old lover to hide her tears.

Unvirtuous love—if love it may be called—is almost unknown in Irish peasant life. Reddy was glad no one had seen him speak to Kathleen; he loved her fame quite as much as he had once loved herself.

Mrs Reddy was, every one knew, a regular virago. What she had been, people only guessed; but she said her husband had been drowned at sea.

No wealth had been added to Reddy's store; that was very evident; and things appeared going to ruin—the old story where there is no affection—when suddenly a stranger stood at the threshold of Reddy Ryland's house, and inquired for his wife.

"She's within, honest man," said the young farmer.

"But you're not Reddy Ryland!" said the traveller.

"I was," was the reply.

"But I heard he was a fine, slashing, handsome, rollicking boy," persisted the stranger, who looked and spoke like a sailor.

"I wish to God I had never heard it," observed Reddy.

"Well, certainly Poll would take the shine out of any thing, from a new shilling upwards, if you are the Reddy Ryland I heard tell of," persisted the man, looking at him from head to foot.

"And who are you?" inquired Reddy.

"Who am I! Why, I'm Poll's husband; and don't be afraid—all I want is my children. I'll make you a present of her, and welcome. She thought me dead; and, by the powers! such a lass as that deserves credit!"

"For what?" inquired the delighted Reddy.

"For having the art, d'ye see, to catch two such beautiful boys as our two selves."

Reddy Ryland was in no degree disposed to accept the present so liberally offered. He was both laughed at and congratulated by his neighbours. His mother returned, but he never allowed her to utter a word in his praise. "I'll never heed a flattering tongue again," he would say; "I've had enough of that." A little longer, and Kathleen herself took pity on him. And again he returned to his former self: in every respect but one he was exactly the same. He confessed that "the widow," as he always called her, had got at his weak side, flattered his vanity, and thus accomplished her purpose. "The shine," in truth, was "taken out of him," but the substance remained; and Reddy Ryland, a handsome Irish peasant, is at this moment a *rara avis*—a vain man cured!

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

BEET (*beta vulgaris* of the botanists) has been long known as a valuable esculent root. It grows wild in several of the warmer districts of the European continent, and, in other quarters, is procured only by cultivation in gardens. There are two principal varieties of it, one possessing a root of a deep red or purplish colour, which pervades its whole substance, while the other variety, though covered with a red skin, is white in the interior. The red beet is so familiar as a culinary vegetable, that its appearance scarcely requires to be described. Varying in length from two or three inches to a foot, and in diameter from one to three inches, the root is full of a purplish juice, which it yields freely on being cut. Though rather insipid to the taste, the red beet is often eaten pickled at table, and contains a very considerable quantity of saccharine matter, amounting, according to Sir Humphry Davy, to about twelve per cent. of its whole weight.

The white beet, again, is a coarser variety of the plant, and is seldom or never directly used as an article of human food; yet its hardy character, and the comparative ease attending its cultivation, have elevated it into a degree of importance far exceeding that which has any where fallen to the share of the red variety. The existence of a certain portion of sugar in the white beet seems originally to have been discovered by a Prussian chemist, named Margraff, in the year 1747, but although the discovery was published, no practical application of it was attempted till forty years later. At that time another Prussian chemist entered on a new set of experiments, and arrived at such satisfactory results, in his own estimation, that he proclaimed the beet to be the "best and greatest gift of heaven to man," and declared it capable of yielding, not sugar alone, but rum, vinegar, and even tobacco, in abundance. The assertions of this visionary philosopher attracted some attention, and the Institute of France, instigated by peculiar circumstances in the political condition of their country, appointed a committee of their body, in 1800, for the special purpose of inquiring into the subject. The result was in accordance with the conclusions of the Prussian. It was determined by the committee that there appeared no good reason for anticipating any advantage from the establishment of a sugar-manufacture from beet. Nine years later, however, the attention of the French men of science was again called to the matter, by political considerations of a still more pressing character. Napoleon issued at that period his famous Milan decrees, by certain articles of which his subjects were prevented from purchasing the West Indian produce. Quite aware, at the same time, of the necessity of procuring supplies of so important an article as sugar from some quarter or another, he instituted a new inquiry into the practicability of making it from beet-root. It was the imperial will on this occasion that the thing should appear possible, and the subservient sciences determined it to be so. The active genius of the emperor accordingly set manufactories of beet-root sugar at work, in a very short time, over the whole kingdom. The consequence was, that the French were supplied with sugar, but only in limited quantities, and at very high prices. There was no competition, and no imports, so that the manufacturers took to themselves very large profits. This state of things came suddenly to a close in the year 1814, when the restoration of peace opened the markets once more to foreign sugars. But on the plea of protecting the French colonial sugars against the dangerous rivalry of those from British colonies, which could be brought

in at a cheaper rate, a high protecting and equalising duty was imposed in 1816 on all foreign sugars, and in 1822 this duty was largely increased. These impositions caused the immediate revival of the beet-root trade, which had been almost stopped by the changes of 1814. From 1822, nearly to the present time, the trade in question has been allowed to continue in this position, and has prospered, although only, it is too obvious, in consequence of the protecting duties, and with the effect of entailing a high price on the sugars used in France.

Before alluding to the amount of beet-root sugar now manufactured in France, it may be proper to expend a few words on the mode in which the manufacture is conducted. The roots are boiled as soon as they are taken from the earth, and, when cold, are sliced, and the juice pressed out. The whole of the juice is then evaporated to the consistence of syrup, from which the sugar is subsequently obtained by crystallisation. From 110 pounds of the roots, it is understood, about 4½ pounds of juice are procured, and this again yields 4½ pounds of brown sugar, or, by renewed crystallisation, 4 pounds of white or refined sugar. These points, however, will vary considerably with the quality of the beet-crop, and other circumstances.

We have now before us a number of documents relating to the state of the beet-root sugar manufacture in the year 1837, at which period the subject excited great interest in France. In 1836, it would appear that the beet-root, cultivated for manufacturing purposes, occupied a pretty large proportion of the arable lands of the country, and amounted in all to about 1,012,770,589 kilogrammes in weight—roots only, of course, being taken into account. (A kilogramme is equal to 2 pounds, 2 ounces, 4 drachms, and 16 grains, English avoirdupois.) The amount of sugar extracted from this quantity of roots was 30,349,340 kilogrammes. This was an amount of produce exceeding that of the preceding year by not less than 17,119,129 kilogrammes, the whole produce of 1835 being 13,230,211. The produce of 1835 showed an increase, in turn, to the amount of nearly 6,000,000 kilogrammes over that of the year 1834. In the mean time, the importation of foreign sugars into France, whether from its own colonies, or from those of other countries, was sustaining a regular declension.

The following numbers give a proportionate view of the sugar-consumption for the years 1834, 1835, and 1836.

	1834.	1835.	1836.
French colonial sugars	854	798	632
Foreign do. do.	55	40	11
Beet-root or indigenous sugars	91	162	337

Had this increase in the produce of the indigenous sugar been of a natural and advantageous description, the result would have been the reduction of price to the consumers. But this was not the case. While, in consequence of the high duty laid on imported sugars, the beet-root manufacture was enabled so far to occupy and fill the market as deeply to injure the external trading, the expenses attending its production were too great to enable it ever to be the source of a full supply of cheap sugar to the country. By comparing the consumption of sugar in France with that of other countries, it will be seen how imperfect is the supply of the article in the existing state of the trade. In Britain, each individual consumes about 12½ kilogrammes of sugar. In France, the consumption by each person does not (or did not in 1836) exceed 3 kilogrammes. The people of the United States use 9½ kilogrammes to each individual, and even Spain exceeds France in this respect, having 3½ kilogrammes for every inhabitant of its territories. In short, with the exception, we believe, of Ireland, France is worse supplied with sugar than any country in Europe.

The attention of the government and people of France was strongly turned to these circumstances in the course of the year 1837. It appeared but too obvious that the duties on colonial sugar, while they acted as a direct bounty upon the beet-root manufacture, were gradually injuring the colonies of the country in a vital branch of their trade, without counterbalancing the evil by lowering the price of sugar, or increasing materially the supply. The Chambers took the subject into consideration, and the result was, that, after a degree of opposition which showed the trade to be a most profitable one to the parties concerned in it, a law was passed in June 1837, by which certain duties were imposed on the beet-root manufacture, by way of bringing it to a footing of greater equality with the colonial trade. The principal items in this imposition of taxes were the following:—A fifty franc licence (about £2) to be paid by every manufacturer, as in the case of wine and spirit selling; a tax of fifteen francs on every 100 kilogrammes of sugar, brown or white; and of eighteen francs on every 100 kilogrammes of the highly refined sugar. The party supporting the indigenous sugar-trade in the Chambers, on the plea that time would be required to permit agriculturists to withdraw safely from the cultivation of the beet-root (for such, they said, would be the consequence of the new decrees), got an amendment passed, fixing July 1838 as the period when the law was to come into force, and decreeing that only two-thirds of the impost should be levied during the first year.

In July, therefore, of the present year (1839), the full weight of the impost will have been felt for the first time by the beet-root manufacturers. Though the taxes are by no means very heavy, there can be little

doubt that a check will be given to the trade, which had never hitherto stood a fair trial, enjoying, as it did, a total and most unnatural exemption from all burdens, while the avenues to competition were perfectly closed up by duties. The country seems to be opening its eyes to the folly of forcing a trade by such means, at the expense of the whole community, and to the direct injury of other interests. One would have thought, however, that a better way of improving the condition of the French sugar-trade would have been to lower the duties on imported sugar; but this mode might not be compatible with the financial requirements of the country. The duties in question, as already stated, are enormously high, ninety-five francs being levied, by the terms of the law of 1822, on every 100 kilogrammes. If the beet-root trade, with a corresponding tax of only fifteen or eighteen francs, cannot compete with the colonial manufacture, the French cannot surely persist much longer in their cultivation of this plant for the making of sugar. Such conduct might justly be termed a direct contravention of the designs of nature, which has to all appearance allotted the task of producing sugar to warmer climes, and on these has bestowed for the purpose certain vegetables, from which the desired substance exudes abundantly.

We have no intention here of entering on the subject of political economy, but we may be permitted to express a general opinion on the absurdity and folly of endeavouring in any case, by conventional laws, to cause a cold district of the earth to serve the assigned end of a warm one, and to compel one vegetable to answer a purpose inconsistent with the qualities specially implanted in it. Being unnatural, all such endeavours must ultimately fail in their object, and the prosecution of them must be attended with continual and great disadvantages.

In Prussia, the beet-root sugar manufacture has been tried, and with similar results. It appears, from the experiments made there, that the establishments for making it could barely extract from the business enough of revenue to pay the expenses of manufacture; and there, at least, the government was not foolish enough to bolster up the trade by duties and protections. In conclusion, it may be safely re-asserted that all past experience goes to prove the beet-root totally unsuited, under ordinary circumstances, for the production of sugar in Europe, and we hope that in Britain the attempt to establish such a manufacture, which has sometimes been thought of, will never be made.

MOCHA DICK,

OR THE WHITE WHALE OF THE PACIFIC.

[Abridged from the Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine, where it appeared in May 1839. Mocha, from which the whale takes its name, is a small island off the coast of Chili, in latitude 38 degrees 28 minutes south. The story of the conquest of Mocha Dick is narrated by an intrepid American "whaler," on board a whale vessel in the Pacific; but before entering into the particulars of this triumph, the author gives a preliminary account of this famed monster of the deep.]

MOCHA DICK, who had come off victorious in a hundred fights with his pursuers, was an old bull whale, of prodigious size and strength. From the effect of age, or more probably from a freak of nature, as exhibited in the case of the Ethiopian Albino, a singular consequence had resulted—he was white as wool! Instead of projecting his spout obliquely forward, and puffing with a short convulsive effort, accompanied by a snorting noise, as usual with his species, he flung the water from his nose in a lofty perpendicular expanded volume, at regular and somewhat distant intervals; its expulsion producing a continuous roar, like that of vapour struggling from the safety-valve of a powerful steam-engine. Viewed from a distance, the practised eye of the sailor only could decide, that the moving mass which constituted this enormous animal, was not a white cloud sailing along the horizon. On the spermaceti whale, barnacles are rarely discovered; but upon the head of this *lusus nature* they had clustered, until it became absolutely rugged with the shells. In short, regard him as you would, he was a most extraordinary fish; or, in the vernacular of Nantucket, "a genuine old sog" of the first water.

Opinions differ as to the time of his discovery. It is settled, however, that previous to the year 1810, he had been seen and attacked near the island of Mocha. Numerous boats are known to have been shattered by his immense flukes, or ground to pieces in the crush of his powerful jaws; and it is said that on one occasion he came off victorious from a conflict with the crews of three English whalers, striking fiercely at the last of the retreating boats, at the moment it was rising from the water, in his hoist up to the ship's davits. It must not be supposed, however, that through all this desperate warfare our leviathan passed scathless. A back serried with irons, and from fifty to a hundred yards of line trailing in his wake, sufficiently attested, that though unconquered, he had not proved invulnerable. From the period of Dick's first appearance, his celebrity continued to increase, until his name seemed naturally to mingle with the salutations which whalers were in the habit of exchanging, in their encounters upon the broad Pacific; the customary interrogatories almost always closing with, "Any news from Mocha Dick?" Indeed, nearly every whaling captain who rounded Cape Horn, if he possessed any professional ambition, or valued himself on his

skill in subduing the monarch of the seas, would lay his vessel along the coast, in the hope of having an opportunity to try the muscle of this doughty champion, who was never known to shun his assailants. It was remarked, nevertheless, that the old fellow seemed particularly careful as to the portion of his body which he exposed to the approach of the boat-steerer; generally presenting, by some well-timed manœuvre, his back to the harpooner, and dexterously evading every attempt to plant an iron under his fin, or a spade on his "small." Though naturally fierce, it was not customary with Dick, while unmolested, to betray a malicious disposition. On the contrary, he would sometimes pass quietly round a vessel, and occasionally swim lazily and harmlessly among the boats, when armed with full craft for the destruction of his race. But this forbearance gained him little credit; for if no other cause of accusation remained to them, his foes would swear they saw a lurking devilry in the long careless sweep of his flukes. Be this as it may, nothing is more certain than that all indifference vanished with the first prick of the harpoon; while cutting the line, and a hasty retreat to their vessel, were frequently the only means of escape from destruction left to his discomfited assailants.

"I will not weary you," said the whaler, "with the uninteresting particulars of a voyage to Cape Horn. Our vessel, as capital a ship as ever left the little island of Nantucket, was finely manned and commanded, as well as thoroughly provided with every requisite for the peculiar service in which she was engaged. I may here observe, for the information of such among you as are not familiar with these things, that soon after a whale-ship from the United States is fairly at sea, the men are summoned aft; then boats' crews are selected by the captain and first mate, and a ship-keeper, at the same time, is usually chosen. The place to be filled by this individual is an important one, and the person designated should be a careful and sagacious man. His duty is, more particularly, to superintend the vessel while the boats are away in chase of fish; and at these times the cook and steward are perhaps his only crew. His station, on these occasions, is at the mast-head, except when he is wanted below to assist in working the ship. While aloft, he is to look out for whales, and also to keep a strict and tireless eye upon the absentees, in order to render them immediate assistance should emergency require it. Should the game rise to windward of their pursuers, and they be too distant to observe personal signs, he must run down the jib. If they rise to leeward, he should haul up the sparker; continuing the little black signal-flag at the mast so long as they remain on the surface. When the 'school' turn flukes, and go down, the flag is to be struck, and again displayed when they are seen to ascend. When circumstances occur which require the return of the captain on board, the colours are to be hoisted at the mizen peak. A ship-keeper must further be sure that provisions are ready for the men on their return from the chase, and that drink be amply furnished, in the form of a bucket of 'switchel'."

I have already said that little of interest occurred, until after we had doubled Cape Horn. We were now standing in upon the coast of Chili, before a gentle breeze from the south, that bore us along almost imperceptibly. It was a quiet and beautiful evening, and the sea glanced and glistened in the level rays of the descending sun, with a surface of waving gold. The western sky was flooded with amber light, in the midst of which, like so many islands, floated immense clouds, of every conceivable brilliant dye; while far to the north-east, looming darkly against a paler heaven, rose the conical peak of Mocha. The men were busily employed in sharpening their harpoons, spades, and lances, for the expected fight. The look-out at the mast-head, with check on his shoulder, was dreaming of the 'dangers he had passed,' instead of keeping watch for those which were to come; while the captain paced the quarter-deck with long and hasty stride, scanning the ocean in every direction, with a keen, expectant eye. All at once he stopped, fixed his gaze intently for an instant on some object to leeward, that seemed to attract it, and then, in no very conciliating tone, hailed the mast-head: "Both ports shut!" he exclaimed, looking aloft, and pointing backward, where a long white bushy spout was rising, about a mile off the larboard bow, against the glowing horizon. "Both ports shut," I say, "you leaden-eyed lubber! Nice lazy son of a sea-cook you are, for a look-out! Come down, sir!"

"There she blows!—sperm whale—old sog, sir," said the man, in a deprecatory tone, as he descended from his nest in the air. It was at once seen that the creature was companionless; but as a lone whale is generally an old bull, and of unusual size and ferocity, more than ordinary sport was anticipated, while unquestionably more than ordinary honour was to be won from its successful issue.

The second mate and I were ordered to make ready for pursuit; and now commenced a scene of emulation and excitement, of which the most vivid description would convey but an imperfect outline, unless you have been a spectator or an actor on a similar occasion. Line-tubs, water-kegs, and wafe-poles, were thrown hurriedly into the boats; the irons were placed in the racks, and the necessary evolutions of the ship gone through, with a quickness almost magical; and this, too, amidst what to a landsman would have seemed inextricable confusion, with perfect regularity and precision; the commands of the officers being all but forestalled by the enthusiastic eagerness of the men. In a short time we were as near the object of our chase as it was considered prudent to approach.

"Back the main-top-sail!" shouted the captain. "There she blows! there she blows! there she blows!" cried the look-out, who had taken the place of his sleepy shipmate, raising the pitch of his voice with each announcement, until it amounted to a downright yell. "Right ahead, sir!—spout as long as 'a thick as the main-yard!"

"Stand by to lower!" exclaimed the captain; "all

hands, cook, steward, cooper, every one of ye, stand by to lower!

An instantaneous rush from all quarters of the vessel answered this appeal, and every man at his station almost before the last word had passed the lips of the skipper.

'Lower away!' and in a moment the keels splashed in the water. 'Follow down the crews: jump in, my boys; ship the crotch; line your oars; now pull as if the d—l was in your wake!' were the successive orders as the men slipped down the ship's side, took their places in the boats, and began to give way.

The second mate had a little the advantage of me in starting. The stern of his boat grated against the bows of mine at the instant I grasped my steering-oar and gave the word to shove off. One sweep of my arm, and we sprang foaming in his track. Now came the tug of war. To become a first-rate oarsman, you must understand, requires a natural gift. My crew were not wanting in the proper qualification; every mother's son of them pulled as if he had been born with an oar in his hand; and as they stretched every sinew for the glory of darting the first iron, it did my heart good to see the boys spring. At every stroke the tough blades bent like willow wands, and quivered like tempered steel in the warm sunlight, as they sprang forward from the retreating wave. At the distance of half a mile, and directly before us, lay the object of our emulation and ambition, heaving his huge bulk in unwieldy gambols, as though totally unconscious of our approach.

'There he blows!' An old bull, by Jupiter! Eighty barrels, boys, waiting to be towed alongside! Long and quick—shoot ahead! Now she feels it; waist-boat never could beat us; now she feels the touch! now she walks through it! Again—now! Such were the broken exclamations and adjurations with which I cheered my rowers to their toil, as, with renewed vigour, I plied my long steering-oar. In another moment we were alongside our competitor. The shivering blades flashed forward and backward, like sparks of light. The waters boiled under our prow, and the trenched waves closed, hissing and whirling in our wake, as we swept, I might almost say we *lifted*, onward in our arrowy course.

We were coming down upon our fish, and could hear the roar of his spouting above the rush of the sea, when my boat began to take the lead.

'Now, my fine fellows,' I exclaimed, in triumph, 'now we'll show them our stern—only spring! Stand ready, harpooner, but don't dart, till I give the word.'

'Carry me on, and his name's Dennis!' cried the boat-steerer, in a confident tone. We were perhaps a hundred feet in advance of the waist-boat, and within fifty of the whale, about an inch of whose hump only was to be seen above the water, when, heaving slowly into view a pair of flukes some eighteen feet in width, he went down. The men lay on their oars. 'There he blows again!' cried the tub-oarsman, as a lofty perpendicular spout sprang into the air, a few furlongs away on the starboard side. Presuming, from his previous movement, that the old fellow had been 'gallied' by other boats, and might probably be jealous of our purpose, I was about ordering the men to pull away as softly and silently as possible, when we received fearful intimation that he had no intention of baulking our inclination, or even yielding us the honour of the first attack. Lashing the sea with his enormous tail, until he threw about him a cloud of surf and spray, he came down, at full speed, 'jaws on,' with the determination, apparently, of doing battle in earnest. As he drew near, with his long curved back looming occasionally above the surface of the billows, we perceived that it was *white as the surf around him*; and the men stared aghast at each other, as they uttered, in a suppressed tone, the terrible name of MOCHA DICK!

'Mocha Dick!' said I; 'this boat never sheers off from any thing that wears the shape of a whale. Pull easy; just give her way enough to steer.' As the creature approached, he somewhat abated his frenzied speed, and, at the distance of a cable's length, changed his course to a sharp angle with our own.

'Here he comes!' I exclaimed. 'Stand up, harpooner! Don't be hasty—don't be flurried. Hold your iron higher, firmer. Now!' I shouted, as I brought our bows within a boat's length of the immense mass which was wallowing heavily by. 'Now!—give it to him solid!'

But the leviathan plunged on, unharmed. The young harpooner, though ordinarily as fearless as a lion, had imbibed a sort of superstitious dread of Mocha Dick, from the exaggerated stories of that prodigy, which he had heard from his comrades. He regarded him, as he had heard him described in many a tough yarn during the middle watch, rather as some ferocious fiend of the deep, than a regular built, legitimate whale! Judge then of his trepidation, on beholding a creature, answering the wildest dreams of his fancy, and sufficiently formidable, without any superadded terrors, bearing down upon him with thrashing flukes and distended jaws! He stood erect, it cannot be denied. He planted his foot—he grasped the coil—he poised his weapon. But his knee shook, and his sinewy arm wavered. The shaft was hurled, but with unsteady aim. It just grazed the back of the monster, glanced off, and darted into the sea beyond. A second, still more abortive, fell short of the mark. The giant animal swept on for a few rods, and then, as if in contempt of our fruitless and childish attempt to injure him, flapped a storm of spray in our faces with his broad tail, and dashed far down into the depths of the ocean, leaving our little skiff among the waters where he sank, to spin and duck in the whirlpool.

Night being now at hand, the captain's signal was set for our return to the vessel, and we were soon assembled on her deck, discussing the mischances of the day, and speculating on the prospect of better luck on the morrow.

We were at breakfast next morning, when the watch at the fore-top-gallant head sang out merrily, 'There she breaches!' In an instant every one was on his feet.

'Where away?' cried the skipper, rushing from the cabin,

and upsetting in his course the steward, who was returning from the caboose with a replenished biffin of hot coffee. 'Not loud but deep' were the grumbings and groans of that functionary, as he rubbed his scalded shins, and danced about in agony; but had they been far louder, they would have been drowned in the tumult of vociferation which answered the announcement from the mast-head.

'Where away?' repeated the captain, as he gained the deck. 'Three points off the leeward bow.' 'How far?' 'About a league, sir; heads same as we do. There she blows!' added the man, as he came slowly down the shrouds, with his eyes fixed intently upon the spouting herd. 'Keep her off two points! Steady! steady, as she goes!' 'Steady it is, sir,' answered the helmsman. 'Weather braces, a small pull. Loose to—gallant-s'ls! Bear a hand, my boys! Who knows but we may tickle their ribs at this rising?'

The captain had gone aloft, and was giving these orders from the main-to—gallant-cross-trees. 'There she top-tails! there she blows!' added he, as, after taking a long look at the sporting shoal, he glided down the back stay. 'Sperm whale, and a thundering big school of 'em!' was his reply to the rapid and eager inquiries of the men. 'See the lines in the boats,' he continued; 'get in the craft; swing the cranes!'

By this time the fish had gone down, and every eye was strained to catch the first intimation of their reappearance.

'There she spouts!' screamed a young greenhorn in the main chains, 'close by; a mighty big whale, sir!' 'We'll know that better at the trying out, my son,' said the third mate, drily. 'Back the main-top-s'l!' was now the command. The ship had little headway at the time, and in a few minutes we were as motionless as if lying at anchor.

'Lower away, all hands!' And in a twinkling, and together, the starboard, larboard, and waist-boats, struck the water. Each officer leaped into his own; the crews arranged themselves at their respective stations; the boat-steerers began to adjust their 'craft'; and we left the ship's side in company; the captain, in laconic phrase, bidding us to 'get up and get fast' as quickly as possible.

Away we dashed in the direction of our prey, who were frolicking, if such a term can be applied to their unwieldy motions, on the surface of the waves. Occasionally a huge shapeless body would flounce out of its proper element and fall back with a heavy splash; the effort forming about as ludicrous a caricature of agility, as would the attempt of some overfed alderman to execute the Highland fling.

We were within a hundred rods of the herd, when, as if from a common impulse, or upon some preconcerted signal, they all suddenly disappeared. 'Follow me!' I shouted, waving my hand to the men in the other boats; 'I see their track under water; they swim fast, but we'll be among them when they rise. Lay back,' I continued, addressing myself to my own crew, 'back to the thwarts! Spring hard! We'll be in the thick of 'em when they come up; only pull!'

And they did pull, manfully. After rowing for about a mile, I ordered them to 'lie.' The oars were peaked, and we rose to look out for the first 'noddle-head' that should break water. It was at this time a dead calm. Not a single cloud was passing over the deep blue of the heavens, to vary their boundless transparency, or shadow for a moment the gleaming ocean which they spanned. Within a short distance lay our noble ship, with her idle canvass hanging in drooping festoons from her yards; while she seemed resting on her inverted image, which, distinct and beautiful as its original, was glassed in the smooth expanse beneath. No sound disturbed the general silence, save our own heavy breathings, the low gurgle of the water against the side of the boat, or the noise of flapping wings, as the albatross wheeled sleepily along through the stagnant atmosphere. We had remained quiet for about five minutes, when some dark object was descried ahead, moving on the surface of the sea. It proved to be a small 'calf,' playing in the sunshine.

'Pull up and strike it,' said I to the third mate; 'it may bring up the old one—perhaps the whole school.'

And so it did with a vengeance! The sucker was transpierced, after a short pursuit; but hardly had it made its first agonised plunge, when an enormous cow-whale rose close beside her wounded offspring. Her first endeavour was to take it under her fin, in order to bear it away; and nothing could be more striking than the maternal tenderness she manifested in her exertions to accomplish this object. But the poor thing was dying; and while she vainly tried to induce it to accompany her, it rolled over, and floated dead at her side. Perceiving it to be beyond the reach of her caresses, she turned to wreak her vengeance on its slayers, and made directly for the boat, crashing her vast jaws the while in a paroxysm of rage. Ordering his boat-steerer aft, the mate sprang forward, cut the line loose from the calf, and then snatched from the crotch the remaining iron, which he plunged with his gathered strength into the body of the mother as the boat sheered off to avoid her onset. I saw that the work was well done, but had no time to mark the issue, for at that instant a whale 'breached' at the distance of about a mile from us, on the starboard quarter. The glimpse I caught of the animal in his descent, convinced me that I once more beheld my old acquaintance, Mocha Dick. That falling mass was white as a snow-drift!

One might have supposed the recognition mutual, for no sooner was his vast square head lifted from the sea, than he charged down upon us, scattering the water into spray as he advanced, and leaving a wake of foam a rod in width, from the violent lashing of his flukes.

'He's making for the bloody water!' cried the men, as he cleft his way towards the very spot where the calf had been killed. 'Here, harpooner, steer the boat, and let me dart!' I exclaimed, as I leaped into the bows. 'May the *Goneya* eat me if he dodges us this time, though he were Beelzebub himself! Pull for the red water!'

As I spoke, the fury of the animal seemed suddenly to die away. He paused in his career, and lay passive on the waves, with his arching back thrown up like the ridge of a mountain. 'The old sog's lying to!' I cried, exultingly. 'Spring, boys! spring now, and we have him! All my clothes, tobacco, every thing I've got, shall be yours, only lay me 'longside that whale before another boat comes up! My *grinny*! what a hump! Only look at the iron in his back! No, don't look—PULL! Now, boys, if you care about seeing your sweethearts and wives in old Nantuck!—if you love Yankee-land—if you love me—pull ahead, *wont ye*? Now, then, to the thwarts! Lay back, my boys! I feel ye, my hearties! Give her the touch! Only five seas off! Not five seas off! One minute—half a minute more! Softly—no noise! Softly with your oars! That will do.'

And as the words were uttered, I raised the harpoon above my head, took a rapid but no less certain aim, and sent it, hissing, deep into his thick white side!

'Stern all! for your lives!' I shouted; for at the instant the steel quivered in his body, the wounded leviathan plunged his head beneath the surface, and, whirling around with great velocity, smote the sea violently, with fin and fluke, in a convulsion of rage and pain.

Our little boat flew dancing back from the seething vortex around him, just in season to escape being overwhelmed or crushed. He now started to run. For a short time, the line rasped, smoking, through the chocks. A few turns round the loggerhead then secured it; and with oars a-peak, and bows tilted to the sea, we went leaping onward in the wake of the tethered monster. Vain were all his struggles to break from our hold. The strands were too strong, the barbed iron too deeply fleshed, to give way; so that whether he essayed to dive or breach, or dash madly forward, the frantic creature still felt that he was held in check. At one moment, in impotent rage, he reared his immense blunt head, covered with barnacles, high above the surge; while his jaws fell together with a crash that almost made me shiver; then the upper outline of his vast form was dimly seen, gliding amidst showers of sparkling spray; while streaks of crimson on the white surf that boiled in his track, told that the shaft had been driven home.

By this time the whole 'school' was about us; and spouts from a hundred spiracles, with a roar that almost deafened us, were raining on every side; while in the midst of a vast surface of chafing sea, might be seen the black shapes of the rampant herd, tossing and plunging, like a legion of maddened demons. The second and third mates were in the very centre of this appalling commotion.

At length Dick began to lessen his impetuous speed. 'Now, my boys,' cried I, 'haul me on; wet the line, you second oarsman, as it comes in. Haul away, shipmates! why don't you haul? Leeward side—leeward! I tell you! Don't you know how to approach a whale?'

The boat brought fairly up upon his broadside as I spoke, and I gave him the lance just under the shoulder blade. With the exception of a slight shudder, which once or twice shook his ponderous frame, Dick lay perfectly quiet upon the water. But suddenly, as though goaded into exertion by some fiercer pang, he started from his lethargy. Making a leap towards the boat, he darted perpendicularly downward, hurling the other oarsman, who was helmsman at the time, ten feet over the quarter, as he struck the long steering-iron in his descent. The unfortunate seaman fell, with his head forward, just upon the flukes of the whale, as he vanished, and was drawn down by the suction of the closing waters, as if he had been a feather. After being carried to a great depth, as we inferred from the time he remained below the surface, he came up, panting and exhausted, and was dragged on board, amidst the hearty congratulations of his comrades.

By this time two hundred fathoms of line had been carried spinning through the chocks, with an impetus that gave back in steam the water cast upon it. Still the gigantic creature bored his way downward, with undiminished speed. Coil after coil went over, and was swallowed up. There remained but three flakes in the tub!

'Cut!' I shouted; 'cut quick, or he'll take us down!' But as I spoke, the hissing line flew with trebled velocity through the smoking wood, jerking the knife he was in the act of applying to the heated strands out of the hand of the boat-steerer. The boat rose on end, and her bows were buried in an instant; a hurried ejaculation, at once shriek and prayer, rose to the lips of the bravest, when, unexpected mercy! the whizzing cord lost its tension, and our light bark, half filled with water, fell heavily back on her keel. A tear was in every eye, and I believe every heart bounded with gratitude at this unlooked-for deliverance.

Overpowered by his wounds, and exhausted by his exertions and the enormous pressure of the water above him, the immense creature was compelled to turn once more upward for a fresh supply of air. And upward he came, indeed; shooting twenty feet of his gigantic length above the waves by the impulse of his ascent. He was not disposed to be idle. Hardly had we succeeded in baling out our swamping boat, when he again darted away, as it seemed to me, with renewed energy. For a quarter of a mile we parted the opposing waters as though they had offered no more resistance than air. Our game then abruptly brought to, and lay as if paralysed, his mazy frame quivering and twitching as if under the influence of galvanism. I gave the word to haul on; and seizing a boat-spade, as we came near him, drove it twice into his 'small,' no doubt partially disabling him by the vigour and certainty of the blows. Wheeling furiously around, he answered this salutation by making a desperate dash at the boat's quarter. We were so near him, that to escape the shock of his onset by any practicable manœuvre, was impossible. But at the critical moment when we expected to be crushed by the collision, his powers seemed to give way. The fatal lance had reached the seat of life. His strength failed him in mid career, and sinking quietly beneath our keel, grazing it as he wallowed along, he rose again a few rods from us, on the side opposite that where he went down.

* A whale's name is "Dennis," when he spouts blood.

'Lay around, my boys, and let us set on him!' I cried, for I saw his spirit was broken at last. But the lance and spade were needless now. The work was done. The dying animal was struggling in a whirlpool of bloody foam, and the ocean far around was tinted with crimson. 'Stern all!' I shouted, as he commenced running impetuously in a circle, beating the water alternately with his head and flukes, and smiting his teeth ferociously into their sockets, with a crashing sound, in the strong spasms of dissolution. 'Stern all! or we shall be stove!'

As I gave the command, a stream of black clotted gore rose in a thick spout above the expiring animal, and fell in a shower around, bedewing, or rather drenching us, with a spray of blood.

'There's the flug!' I exclaimed; 'there! thick as tar! Stern! every soul of ye! He's going in his flurry!' And the monster, under the convulsive influence of his final paroxysm, flung his huge tail into the air, and then, for the space of a minute, thrashed the waters on either side of him with quick and powerful blows; the sound of the concussion resembling that of the rapid discharge of artillery. He then turned slowly and heavily on his side, and lay a dead mass upon the sea, through which he had so long reared a conqueror.

'He's fin up at last!' I screamed, at the very top of my voice. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' And snatching off my cap, I sent it spinning aloft, jumping at the same time from thwart to thwart, like a madman.

We now drew alongside our floating spoil; and I seriously question if the brave commodore who first and so nobly broke the charm of British invincibility, by the capture of the *Guerriere*, felt a warmer rush of delight, as he beheld our national flag waving over the British ensign, in assurance of his victory, than I did, as I leaped upon the quarter-deck of Dick's back, planted my wafepole in the midst, and saw the little canvass flag, that tells so important and satisfactory a tale to the whaleman, fluttering above my hard-earned prize.

The captain and second mate, each of whom had been fortunate enough to kill his fish, soon after pulled up, and congratulated me on my capture. To get the harness on Dick, was the work of an instant; and as the ship, taking every advantage of a light breeze which had sprung up within the last hour, had stood after us, and was now but a few rods distant, we were soon under her stern. The other fish, both of which were heavy fellows, lay floating near; and the tackle being affixed to one of them without delay, all hands were soon busily engaged in cutting in. Mocha Dick was the longest whale I ever looked upon. He measured more than seventy feet from his noddle to the tips of his flukes, and yielded one hundred barrels of clear oil, with a proportionate quantity of 'head-matter.' It may emphatically be said, that 'the scars of his old wounds were near his new,' for not less than twenty harpoons did we draw from his back—the rusted mementos of many a desperate encounter.

THE EGG-HATCHING EXHIBITION.

A SHORT time ago, while in London, I went to see, among other 'sights,' the much-talked-of egg-hatching apparatus, or, as it is called by its proprietor, the *ECCALEOBION*—a word from the Greek, signifying to bring to life. The establishment is situated in Pall Mall, opposite the Italian Opera-House, and consists of a large handsome back apartment, entered by a passage from the street. The first feeling on entering the room is that of rather a warm atmosphere, along with the slight smell of a poultry-yard—which the place literally is. On one side, on your left, is a huge oblong case against the wall, elevated three or four feet from the floor, and used as a hatching oven; on the opposite side, running nearly the length of the room, is an enclosure formed of paling, separated in distinct divisions for different sizes of birds, and containing, close to the wall, a row of coops or houses for the little creatures to run into. At the farther end of the room is a glass-case on a table, in which the birds of one day old are kept and nursed; and in the centre of the room is a table with a number of saucers, in which lie the yolks of eggs at different stages of advancement towards maturity, but which being broken are of course useless for hatching; they only exhibit the progress of the chick. Such is the general outline of the establishment, which is fitted up with iron steam-pipes running round the room to preserve a certain temperature; and with a man, who attends the oven, and a woman to look after the poultry-yard or enclosure, the whole is before the eye of the visitor.

The first thing we do is to take a peep into the oven, where the process of incubation is performed. This oven executes the office of the parent hen, and in a remarkably perfect manner; in fact, much better than most hens could perform the operation. Every body who has any thing to do with hatching poultry knows that the great difficulty consists in keeping the hen upon her eggs. Some hens are better hatchers than others, but, generally speaking, they are too apt to leave their eggs to get cool; and this, by checking the incubation, at once destroys the unborn chick. By the *Eccaleobion* process, this chance of loss is entirely avoided. If the egg be a fresh good egg, it must give up its chick; nothing can keep it from being hatched. The oven or case, as we have said, is

a large oblong box projecting from the wall. It is divided into eight compartments, like the floors of a house, and each exposed to view by means of a glass door. To satisfy our curiosity, the door of one of the compartments was opened, and on looking in we perceived that the interior is a sort of shallow box lined with cloth, heated with steam-pipes, and the bottom covered with eggs lying at an easy distance from each other. A jug of water is placed among the eggs, for the purpose of supplying the air of the box with a necessary degree of moisture. Thus, each compartment or box is a distinct oven with its own eggs, and in each the eggs are at a particular stage of advancement. In one box they may be but newly put in, and in another they may be in the act of being hatched. The meaning of having eight boxes is to insure a batch of chicks every two or three days. Each box holds from two to three hundred eggs, or the whole upwards of two thousand.

An egg requires from twenty to twenty-three days to hatch, according to its quality and other circumstances; the exact time is allowed to be twenty-one days; but such is the variety of eggs, that a batch will require three days in entirely chipping. The progressive series of phenomena during incubation, as exhibited in the broken eggs on the table of the room, are exceedingly interesting, particularly that in which the heart is seen beginning to beat on the surface of the yolk, and are as follow. I quote from a pamphlet handed to visitors:—

'1st day. In a few hours after exposure to the proper temperature, the microscope discovers that a humid matter has formed within the lineaments of the embryo; and at the expiration of twelve or fourteen hours, this matter evidently bears some resemblance to the shape of a little head; a number of new vesicles also successively appear, rudimentary of different parts of the future body of the chick; those first formed, and most easily distinguishable, may afterwards be recognised as assuming the shape of the vertebral bones of the back.—2d day. The eyes begin to make their appearance about the thirtieth hour, and additional vessels, closely joined together, indicate the situation of the navel. The brain and spinal marrow, some rudiments of the wings and principal muscles, become observable. The formation of the heart is also evidently proceeding.—3d day. At the commencement of the third day, the beating of the heart is perceptible, although no blood is visible; a few hours, however, elapse, and two vesicles, containing blood, make their appearance; one forming the left ventricle, the other the great artery. The auricle of the heart is next seen, and in the whole of these, pulsation is evident.—4th day. The wings now assume a more defined shape, and the increased size of the head renders the globules, containing the brain, the beak, and the front and hind part of the head, distinctly visible.—5th day. On the fifth day the liver makes its appearance, and both auricles, now plainly seen, approach nearer the heart than they were before. That beautiful phenomenon, the circulation of the blood, is evident.—6th day. The lungs and stomach are distinguishable, and the full gush of blood from the heart distinctly apparent.—7th day. During this day, the intestines, veins, and upper mandible, become visible, and the brain begins to assume a consistent form.—8th day. The beak, for the first time, opens, and the formation of flesh commences upon the breast.—9th day. The deposition of matter, forming the ribs, takes place, and the gall-bladder is perceptible.—10th day. The bile is now formed, or at least distinguishable by its green colour; and the first voluntary motion of the body of the chick is seen, if separated from its integuments.—11th day. The matter forming the skull now becomes cartilaginous, and the protrusion of feathers evident.—12th day. The orbits of sight are now apparent, and the ribs are perfected.—13th day. The spleen gradually approaches to its proper position in the abdomen.—14th day. The lungs become inclosed within the breast.—15th, 16th, and 17th days. During these days, the infinity of phenomena in this wonderful piece of vital mechanism elaborate it into more perfect form, and it presents an appearance closely approaching the mature state. The yolk of the egg, however, from which it derives its nourishment, is still outside the body.—18th day. On the eighteenth day, the outward and audible sign of developed life is apparent, by the faint piping of the chick being, for the first time, heard.—19th, 20th, and 21st days. Continually increasing in size and strength, the remainder of the yolk gradually becomes inclosed within its body; then, with uncommon power for so small and frail a being, it liberates itself from its prison in a peculiar and curious manner, by repeated efforts made with its bill, seconded by muscular exertion with its limbs, and emerges into a new existence.

The position of the chicken in the shell is such as to occupy the least possible space. The head, which is large and heavy in proportion to the rest of the body, is placed in front of the belly with its beak under the right wing; the feet are gathered up like a bird trussed for the spit; yet in this singular manner, and apparently uncomfortable position, it is by no means cramped or confined, but performs all the

necessary motions and efforts required for its liberation, with the most perfect ease, and that consummate skill which instinct renders almost infallible. The chicken, at the time it breaks the shell, is heavier than the whole egg was at first.'

The superintendent of the oven politely exhibited a compartment in which the eggs were chipping. Some had chipped the day before, others that day, and some would not be chipped till the morrow; in a few cases we observed the beak of the chick boring its way through the shell, and getting itself emancipated. When the little creatures are ushered into the world, they are not immediately removed out of the oven, but are allowed to remain for a few hours till they become dry; they are then removed and put into the glass-case, on the table at the end of the room. This case is very shallow, and the glass cover can be easily pushed aside to permit the superintendent handling them if required. They are here for the first time fed, though not for twenty-four hours after being hatched; the material scattered among them is small bruised grits, or particles little larger than meal; these they eagerly pick up without any teaching, their instinctive desire for food being a sufficient monitor. After the brood has been kept in the glass-case (which is partially open) for two or three days, and been thus gradually accustomed to the atmosphere, they are removed to one of the divisions in the railed enclosure on the floor. Here hundreds are seen running about, uttering peep cries, picking up grits, or otherwise amusing themselves, all being apparently in as lively and thriving a condition as if trotting about in a barnyard. At six in the evening they are put to bed for the night in the coops, twelve together in a coop; these coops are small wooden boxes, lined with flannel, and furnished with a flannel curtain in front, to seclude and keep the inmates as warm and comfortable as if under the wing of a mother. At six or seven in the morning they are again allowed to come forth into their court-yard, which being strewn with sand, and provided with food and water, affords them all the advantages of a run in an open ground.

I made some inquiries respecting the failures in hatching, and deaths, and received the following information:—The eggs are usually purchased from Leadenhall market, and, consequently, not being altogether fresh, or otherwise suitable, one half of them fail in hatching. Once hatched, they are safe, for not more than one dies out of fifty which are brought into existence. If good and suitable eggs could be procured in all seasons, the failures in hatching would be comparatively trifling. Bad eggs, therefore, are the weak point in the establishment, and I should recommend the proprietor to complete his arrangements, by adding an egg-laying department to those which he has for hatching. This might be done by keeping a regular poultry-yard, either in connection with the place or in the country. The apparatus for hatching is capable of producing forty thousand chickens in a year, and, making allowance for failures, the actual produce cannot fall far short of half of that number. When three weeks old, as I was informed, the chickens are taken to market, and sold for a shilling each. Thus, we should suppose, the *Eccaleobion* turns out at least a thousand pounds worth of chickens annually—no bad revenue, it will be said, after paying expenses, but not greater than the ingenious contriver and proprietor, Mr William Bucknell, deserves.

This thing, trifling as it may appear to some, is highly deserving of public attention. Attempts to hatch eggs in ovens are of old date, but have never succeeded on a permanent or large scale in this country. In Egypt the practice has been more successful; yet even there, with the advantages of a superior climate, one in five of the hatched birds dies, and many are deformed, doubtless from the unequal application of the heat. It has only been by the *Eccaleobion*, as far as I can learn, that the birds have been brought out with certainty, or been reared successfully after being hatched; every bird is perfect, and will grow to its full size. The distinguishing characteristic of this invention is exact regulation of temperature at different stages of advancement, for eggs, as is well known, develop heat naturally in the course of hatching, and consequently the artificial heat requires to be judiciously diminished as the natural heat increases. By employing steam or hot-water pipes, the temperature is not only capable of being exactly regulated, but is diffused generally and equally throughout the oven, and acts upon all sides of the egg alike. Hence, the eggs in the *Eccaleobion* require no handling or turning during the process—there is no fear of their being either roasted on one side or cooled on the other. Provided all is as fair and above board as the proprietor of the *Eccaleobion* describes, or the superintendents inform the visitors, there can be no difficulty in multiplying egg-hatching and chicken-rearing establishments all over the country. Poultry is at present a dear article, on account of the very limited and imperfect manner of its production; but this need not

be the case any longer. There is nothing to prevent every town in the kingdom having its chicken manufactory as well as any other branch of business. Wherever there are establishments with steam-engines having a small redundancy of steam, it would be the easiest thing in the world to erect a fowl-producing apparatus in connection with the works. And if this did not in some degree improve the resources of the country and the condition of its people, I do not know what would.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MADAME DACIER.

ANNE LEFEVRE was born at the town of Saumur, in the north of France, in the year 1651. Her father, Tanneguy-Lefevre, a famed and excellent scholar, had originally no idea of making his daughter a scholar also, nor indeed of bestowing on her any further training than usually falls to the share of her sex; but accident revealed to him such extraordinary capabilities in his child, as to lead to a total change in her destiny. Being present one day, according to custom, while her father gave instructions in the classics to her young brother, she pursued her wonted task of sewing, and appeared to pay little or no attention to what was passing by her side, until she perceived that the pupil replied very lamely to the questions of his instructor. Without raising her eyes from her work, she suggested in a low voice to her brother the true answers which he ought to make. Monsieur Lefevre heard the whisperings of his daughter, and was equally charmed and surprised by the discovery of the knowledge which she had acquired, simply through her taste having led her to listen to her father while he taught others. From this time forward Lefevre divided his instructions between his son and daughter, and under so competent a master the latter of these pupils speedily made so rapid a progress as to astonish her tutor and guide.

Anne Lefevre was soon mistress of the Greek and Latin tongues, in so far as regarded the power of reading the extant writings in either language. But with this mere acquisition of the key to ancient knowledge, the young scholar did not content herself. She plunged deeply into the study of the classical writers, and her natural tastes and dispositions in this respect were in due time seconded by motives of emulation. Her father gave her a rival and companion in her labours in the person of André Dacier, then a youth about her own age, and the connection, which thus commenced through a conformity of pursuits and tastes, was afterwards strengthened into a lasting union, cemented by esteem and mutual affection. Though young Dacier proved himself no common scholar, the sex of his associate in study rendered her classical acquisitions the subject of greater surprise, and her reputation, even at a very youthful period of life, spread far and wide among the learned and literary circles of France.

This was in a measure fortunate for Mademoiselle Lefevre. Her father died in the year 1672, and the daughter was under the necessity of removing to Paris, the great national field for the display of every species of talent. Her scholarly abilities had been heard of in the capital, and she gave ample proof of them, soon after her arrival within its walls, by publishing an edition of the works of Callimachus, one of the later and unjustly neglected Greek poets. This first display on the part of the subject of our memoir, as an editor and commentator on the classics, greatly increased her reputation, and excited the most lively wonder in the mind of the whole lettered republic, coming, as it did, from a quarter so unusual. A short time afterwards, the Duke de Montausier, a nobleman intimately connected with the court, proposed to Mademoiselle Lefevre to undertake the task of editing some of the Latin authors destined to form a part of the great classical collection for the use of the Dauphin; but she at first declined to accept of this honourable charge, regarding the task as above her powers. New proofs, however, having been given by her of her qualifications, the same employment was again pressed on her, and she consented to become one of the labourers on the famous Delphin edition. The writers whose works she thus undertook to edit, with the ample notes, explanations, and commentaries required by the general plan of the collection, were among the minor classics, and were the more difficult from having been the object of comparatively little previous inquiry. *Aurelius Victor, Florus, and Eutropius*, the historians, with the less known authors *Dares the Phrygian* and *Diogenes the Cretan*, were

the five writers whom Mademoiselle Lefevre edited, and most ably edited, for the "use of the Dauphin."

The marriage of our heroine with her old companion M. Dacier, who had also commenced a distinguished career of scholarship in Paris, occurred in the midst of these learned labours, in the beginning of the year 1683. This union was pleasantly called "the marriage of Greek and Latin," but which of the pair stood for the Greek, and which for the Latin, it would be hard to say, seeing that each was alike skilled in both tongues. However this may be, the alliance was certainly a happy one for the parties, and a happy one for the cause of learning. Their extraordinary congeniality of tastes and talents rendered their thirty-seven years' union one of rare mutual felicity, and although they did not for many years bend their minds upon any common tasks, the encouragement which the counsel, applause, and society of the one afforded to the other, had an important stimulating influence on the isolated exertions of both in the field of classical literature. Besides the works mentioned as having been produced for the Delphin collection, Madame Dacier had published, two years before her nuptials, an edition of the "Poems of Anacreon and Sappho," with notes, and a French prose translation. Of this prose translation, the noted writer Despreaux observed, that "it ought to make the pen fall from the hand of any one who undertook to render these poems into verse," alluding, by this expression, to the superior fidelity and force of the prose of Madame Dacier. In the year of her marriage, our authoress gave to the public three of the most noted comedies of the Roman dramatist, Plautus, accompanying them with translations and critical remarks of a high order of excellence; and in the following year, 1684, she issued, with the like accompaniments, two of the most famous comedies of Aristophanes, the Grecian, entitled "Plutus," and "The Clouds." The remarkable merit of these editions cannot be fully appreciated without keeping in mind that the Grecian and Roman comedies, from the frequency of their allusions to things of the hour, and which passed away with the hour, are the most difficult and least comprehensible portions of classical literature. Yet Madame Dacier's success was complete, and most succeeding translators have followed her versions, or at least acknowledged themselves deeply indebted to her elucidations and commentaries. The same remarks apply in all respects to her edition of the whole comedies of Terence, which was published in 1688, next in succession after the plays of Aristophanes. Subsequent translators of the latter writer were not more indebted to the learned Frenchwoman's expositions than was Colman the elder, and others who produced versions of the dramatic pieces of Terence.

At this point of our memoir we are called upon to turn our attention to some particulars of Madame Dacier's private life. And, in the first place, it will be but just to allude to a charge which has been brought against herself and her husband of having nearly permitted fear or favour to cause them to change their religious persuasion shortly after their marriage. It is true that Monsieur and Madame Dacier were both brought up Protestants, and that they solemnly passed into the Catholic body in 1685; an act which was not then uncommon, and which would probably have called down upon them no reprobative notice, had not the revocation of the edict of Nantes taken place a short time afterwards. But the calumniated pair cleared themselves from the odium of an unconscientiousness in faith, by showing that the revocation of the edict had not been hinted at or surmised by any one when their religious renunciation took place, and also, that they had retired to the country to perform the act with all possible privacy, instead of publishing it, as those would have done who sought to gain court favour. They had in truth retired at the period to Castres, the native place of Monsieur Dacier, and here they staid as long as circumstances would permit. An order from the king was found necessary to draw them back to the capital to resume their yet unfinished Delphin labours. The chief cause of Madame Dacier's desire for seclusion, lay in her anxiety to superintend the education of her two daughters, and, more particularly, of her only son. This boy showed such precociousness of intellect as to excite general wonder. He repaid his mother's classical instructions so well, that, at the age of seven and eight, his mind was largely imbued with ancient learning. At ten years old he was so thorough a proficient in Greek that he stole for his own perusal, from his mother's repositories, such of the more recondite authors as she interdicted him from reading, on the ground of their being yet too difficult for him. But he died on reaching the age of eleven, to the lasting regret of all who knew him, but more especially of his mother. Of her two daughters, one likewise died on entering the spring of womanhood. Her remaining daughter, and sole surviving child, entered a convent for life, by her own wish and choice.

The labours of the subject of our memoir, for the ten years succeeding the appearance of Terence in 1688, were chiefly confined to assisting her husband in preparing editions of "Marcus Antoninus's Reflections," and of "Plutarch's Lives." Otherwise, her attention appears to have been chiefly engaged, and in some respects sorrowfully so, by her children. At the same time, such a mind as hers could not be altogether idle, and she was continually making progress with at least one great work, an edition and translation of *The Iliad*

of Homer. This appeared in the year 1699, and was determined, by common consent, to be the most valuable of all her works. Her original and profound emendations of the text, and her erudite illustrations of its meaning, rendered her *Iliad* the chief guide to Pope, and every later translator. The world universally said of the work, "This would have been a noble and gigantic feat for a man, were he the best scholar that ever lived; for a woman, it is altogether marvellous." It had been a labour of love to Madame Dacier, in some measure, to illustrate Homer, whom she venerated as the prince of poets, and she therefore felt the more pain on seeing the old Greek severely treated soon afterwards by M. Lamotte, a clever writer of the day, in the preface to a poetical abridgement of the *Iliad*. The ire of the learned Dacier was aroused, and she defended her ancient favourite, or rather attacked his detractors, in a treatise "On the Causes of the Decline of Taste," published in 1714. Lamotte replied, and reply followed reply, until a great contest was originated, in which all the leading literary characters in France took one side or another. In her rejoinders to Lamotte, it was admitted that Madame Dacier showed much more acerbity of feeling than her opponent permitted himself to display; and hence it was pointedly observed, that the lady had written and argued with the virulence of a scholarly partisan, and Lamotte with the mildness and grace of a woman of letters and genius. It is consoling to know that after this dispute had been maintained for a number of years, the two leaders in the fight agreed to bring their discussions to a close, and solemnised the re-establishment of peace by a grand and harmonious festival. A work published during the Homeric war, and entitled, "Homer defended against the Apology of Hardouin," and the "Odyssey of Homer," with notes and a translation, complete the list of Madame Dacier's difficult and laborious literary enterprises, with the exception of several elegant Latin Epistles, and some minor pieces of a similar character.

It may be thought by those who are not familiar with the subject and nature of classical editing, that in all these productions of the erudite Frenchwoman there was little scope or necessity for original thought and writing. This, however, is an error. The lengthened prefaces, copious notes, and numerous critical dissertations requisite to elucidate fully such authors as Madame Dacier edited, would constitute, if collected, a large amount of original writing, and as to the thought expended thereon, the extent of it would be truly incalculable. In our own country, many instances could be pointed out of men attaining the reputation of great scholars, by effecting but one such classical edition as those of Madame Dacier. Let none of our readers, therefore, through want of acquaintance with such matters, imagine that this learned lady won her fame as much on account of her sex, as of her actual achievements. She merited all the praise which she received. Yet, in spite of her man-like renown, and in spite, too, of the bitterness which she certainly displayed in the Homeric disputation, Madame Dacier never overstepped the bounds of feminine delicacy in private life, and seemed always more anxious to be viewed as the woman than as the scholar. She avoided learned discussions in company, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to utter literary opinions there. Many traits of her modesty of character have been recorded. The inscription of autographs in albums was a custom of those days as well as of ours, and Madame Dacier was sometimes bored to death by such requests. Overcome one day by the unflinching perseverance of a German autographist, she did consent to put down her name, but accompanied it with a characteristic maxim (from Sophocles), the influence of which might counteract, she thought, the seeming vanity of the act to which she had been forced. The saying bore, that "Reserve is the ornament of woman."

But it was as a wife that this celebrated lady was especially admirable. The affection existing between her and her husband was of the most enduring nature, being based on a mental assimilation of the most rare and exalted kind. A number of epistles, written to Monsieur Dacier from the country, whither she had gone to settle for him the affairs of his patrimonial estate, are still preserved, and are equally remarkable for the business-like acuteness and the conjugal tenderness which pervade them, as well as for the learned comments on the books perused at her leisure hours, which she also introduced. Madame Dacier's scholarship procured for her various honours from foreign and home societies; but of all the compliments of this kind bestowed on her, none equalled that which came from Louis XIV., when he made her the colleague of her husband in the office of royal librarian, and assigned to her the revision of the same important post. A woman never before attained to such an honour, and the like may never happen again. But the wife of the royal librarian was not destined to be her husband's successor. She died of a paralytic attack on the 17th of August 1720, at the age of sixty-nine, having suffered much during the last two years of her life, though without any impairment of her faculties. Monsieur Dacier survived her but two years, having languished, rather than lived out that period, in a state of inconsolable grief for the loss of his companion. The parents were survived by their daughter and sole remaining child.

The services of this illustrious female to ancient literature can never pass into oblivion. She is well calculated to be an object of proud remembrance to her sex,

being a striking proof of the capability of the female intellect to grapple with even the most recondite subjects. Her doing so, also, it is of consequence to remember, did not render her less amiable as a woman, a wife, and a mother. While those at a distance thought her chiefly admirable in her scholarly character, those who had the happiness to share her society considered that her virtue, her firmness, her benevolence, and her equanimity, were her principal titles to the honour and esteem of the world.

HOW WE ENCOURAGE THE FINE ARTS.

In the "ART-UNION, a monthly Journal of the Fine Arts," lately established in London, and containing much useful information on the subjects of which it treats, we find the following tolerably hard hits against us as a nation, in regard to our encouragement of artists and their productions:—

"Neither was the taste of the nobility, nor the patronage of the people (a hundred and twenty years since), a whit better than it is in our own time; Hogarth had to sell his pictures by raffle, and Wilson was obliged to retire into Wales from its affording a cheaper living; so much for the discernment and patronage of the period. It was but the other day the committee of the British Institution purchased a picture of Gainsborough's for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery as an example of excellence, and yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser, though the price was only fifty pounds. But while we censure the ignorance of former times, we cannot praise the taste or knowledge 'of our own generation.' Let us take the case of Sir David Wilkie as an example—an artist who has founded a school of art unknown before in this or in any other country, a combination of the invention of Hogarth with the pictorial excellences of Ostade and Teniers; yet this artist's works, on his coming to London in 1804, were exposed in a shop window, at Charing Cross, for a few pounds; and a work for which he could only receive fifteen guineas, was sold the other day for eight hundred. Do transactions such as these show the taste or discernment of the public? Sir George Beaumont, as a kind act of patronage, gave him a commission to paint the picture of the 'Blind Fiddler,' and paid him fifty guineas for what would now bring a thousand at a public sale. It seems, therefore, a fair inference that a discerning public, or a patronising nobility, are only shown when an artist's reputation makes it safe to encourage him; then also come out the laudations of the public press with their astute display of critical lore. The besetting sin of this country is politics—a subject which excludes every other, in a great degree, from consideration and acquirement; from the cradle to the coffin, the whole energies of life are employed in the struggle between the aristocracy and democracy for an extension of power, to the total exclusion of those refinements which tend to humanise the mind and embellish society. How often have we heard the amiable and eloquent president of the Royal Academy draw the attention of the public to the 'still small voice' of painting, unheeded amidst the bustle of political warfare.

While the provincial towns are striving with each other in establishing schools of design, we see no reason to despair, even in our day, of seeing professors of painting established in both universities: it seems derogatory to common sense, that a science which opens up so large a field of gratification, both at home and abroad, should be allowed to lie dormant. Until something of the kind is acted upon, it is in vain to expect that the higher branches of art will either be appreciated or encouraged; neither can the public taste be properly directed to any useful or ornamental termination. What, for example, can be more ridiculous than the result of the deliberations of the committee collected to decide upon the Nelson testimonial? In the first place, the very appointing of such persons precluded every artist of spirit from competing, or submitting his works to such a tribunal; yet the public press joined in reprobating the talent of the country for standing aloof. Did it never strike any of those noblemen or gentlemen that they were accepting a trust for which they were totally incompetent? Had they not the modesty to say, 'We have been brought up in the army and navy, and can know nothing of the subject of sculpture or architecture.' Well may artists complain that the government has never done any thing for the profession. There is not a single situation connected with art that is filled by an artist; there has not been a purchase by the government of a single work of art; nor have artists been consulted as to what would be of advantage, either to themselves as a body, or to the general taste of the country; and when artists see the very reverse of all this abroad, and the respect paid to the fine arts, they have just cause of complaint; and they not only suffer all this neglect, but are abused by the press for not having established an English School of Painting, and for debasing the taste, in humouring the meretricious eye of an ignorant public."

We beg to subjoin one or two ideas on the subject. The true way, as it appears to us, to encourage the fine arts and artists, should consist in elevating the standard of taste throughout all classes of the community. To do this effectually, we must begin by educating more generally, and in a better manner

than at present, the mass of the people; and also open public exhibitions and pleasure grounds as on the Continent, so as to introduce the habit of seeking refined pleasures in place of those of a gross nature. At present, during holidays and hours of relaxation, Sundays included, no places of recreation are opened for the people but the public houses and gin-shops—and the consequences are such as need not be described.

TRAVELS IN THE BURMAN EMPIRE.

It is gratifying to observe that the Christian Missionaries of the present day, while neglecting no part of the duties more especially incumbent upon them, are taking advantage of the favourable opportunities afforded by their character and position to collect much valuable information of a general kind respecting the countries which form the scene of their labours. A work which gives a favourable idea of these their services to general knowledge, now lies before us, being a narrative of "Travels in South-Eastern Asia, by the Rev. Howard Malcolm," a missionary from Boston in the United States. Though embracing notices of "Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China," this book is devoted in a more particular manner to an account of the Burman Empire.

The Burman Empire is situated on the east and north-east shores of the Bay of Bengal, and is bounded by the territory of Siam on the south, by China on the east, and by Tibet on the north. The extreme length of the kingdom is seven hundred and twenty miles, and its extreme breadth about four hundred. In 1836, which was the period of Mr Malcolm's visit, the population, according to the most rational computation, amounted to nearly eight millions, reckoning in this sum the subsidiary tribes connected with the empire. Not many years back, its bounds were much more extensive, but in 1826 the British took away a large slice of country on the borders of the Bengal Bay, and similar losses of territory were sustained from other causes. Ava, situated in the interior of the country, on a large river called the Irrawaddy, is the present Burman capital, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants, according to Mr Malcolm's calculation, which is lower, however, than that made by others. The city is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high and seven miles in circuit, and within this space are two other walls, the outermost enclosing the dwellings of the great, and some of the best streets, while the inner one encompasses the palace and various public buildings. Some of the latter edifices, and particularly the pagodas, which are of the ordinary pyramidal form, are (to use our author's words) "truly noble," and many of the ordinary street houses, which are built of wood with bamboo roofs, are such as to present a very handsome appearance. The details of common Burman architecture are given in the following passage. "Dwellings are constructed of timber, or bamboos set in the earth, with lighter pieces fastened transversely. When good posts are used, they are set seven feet apart; lighter ones and bamboos are placed closer. A frame set on stone or brick pillars is never seen. The sides are covered, some with mats, more or less substantial and costly; or with thatch, fastened with split ratans. The roof is usually of thatch (except in the city of Ava), even in the best houses. It is very ingeniously made and fastened on, and is a perfect security against wind or rain. The floor is of split cane, elevated a few feet from the earth, which secures ventilation and cleanliness, and makes them far more comfortable and tidy than the houses of Bengal. The open crevices between the eaves, however, too often invite carelessness, by suffering offal and dirty fluids to pass through, and not unfrequently, among the lower ranks, the space under the house is a nasty mud hole, alive with vermin. The doors and windows are of mat, strengthened with a frame of bamboo, and tied fast at the top. When opened, they are propped up with a bamboo, and form a shade. Of course there are no chimneys. Cooking is done on a shallow box, a yard square, filled with earth."

The people of the Burman country are low in stature, the average height of the men being five feet two inches, and that of the women four feet ten inches. The standard of beauty, as regards complexion, seems to be a delicate yellow, which is the natural hue of the race till deepened by long exposure to the sun. But for a little prominence of the cheekbones, squareness of the jaw, flatness of the nose, and thickness of the lips, the Burmans would be tolerably good-looking. A delicate yellow powder is used, by ladies chiefly, to give the face the favourite tint, and also to impart to it a fragrant odour. This last point is of more importance among the Burmans than any where else, as they have a curious mode of kissing. "Instead of a slight touch (says our author) of the lips, as with us, they apply the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying 'Give me a kiss,' they say 'Give me a smell.' There is no word in the language which translates the word kiss." This people have also a custom of giving an indelible black tinge to their teeth, by means of lamp-black and oil applied with a hot iron. When asked the reason of this fashion, they gave uniformly for answer, "What! should we have white teeth, like a dog or a monkey?" Where the teeth are not blackened in this manner, they are usually tinted red, in consequence of another custom nearly universal

among them, of chewing a mixture called *con*, which is composed of a kind of nut, with tobacco and other ingredients, smeared over with a little tempered quicklime. This colours the whole mouth a deep red. "Smoking tobacco is still more prevalent among both sexes, and is commenced by children almost as soon as they are weaned. I have seen little creatures of two or three years, stark naked, tottering about with a lighted cigar in their mouth. It is not uncommon for them to become smokers, even before they are weaned, the mother often taking the cheroot from her mouth and putting it into that of the infant! The cheroot is seldom wholly made of tobacco. The wrapper is the leaf of the then-nat tree; fragrant wood rasped fine, the dried root of the tobacco, and some of the proper leaf, make the contents."

Food is wonderfully cheap and abundant in the Burman Empire. Mr Malcolm saw plenty of rice, the chief article of food in the country, sold at about 6d. sterling a bushel; and wheat, as good as he had ever beheld elsewhere, at 1.4 sterling per hundred bushels! But the government will not allow of their exportation, although a most lucrative trade might be driven in these articles, without at all distressing the natives. "In the upper districts (says the work before us), where rice is dearer than below, wheat, maize, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beans, and plantains, enter largely into the common diet. Indeed, a Burman seems almost literally omnivorous. A hundred sorts of leaves, suckers, blossoms, and roots, are daily gathered in the jungle, and a famine seems almost impossible. Snakes, lizards, grubs, ants' eggs, &c., are eaten without hesitation, and many are deemed delicacies. An animal which has died of itself, or the swollen carcass of game killed with poisoned arrows, is just as acceptable as other meat. Like the ancient Romans, the Burmans are very fond of certain wood-worms, particularly a very large species, found in the trunks of plantain-trees. I have seen several foreigners who had adopted it as one of their delicacies. Though the law forbids the taking of life, no one scruples to eat what is already dead; and there are always sinners enough to keep the sanctimonious ones supplied with animal food. Indeed, very few scruple to take game or fish. Thousands of the natives are fishermen by profession. I asked some of these what they thought would become of them in the next state. They admitted that they must suffer myriads of years, for taking so many lives; but would generally add, 'What can we do? our wives and children must eat.'"

The Burmans, like the Chinese and other eastern Asiatics, can by no means be called an uncivilised people, although their civilisation, like that also of their neighbours, is unfortunately of a non-progressive kind. To use the apt language of our American missionary, in their political, social, and moral system "no elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass like the crops upon their fields." They have many commendable points in their character, and, amongst others, that of temperance. "Temperance is universal. The use of all wines, spirits, opium, &c., is not only strictly forbidden, both by religion and the civil law, but is entirely against public opinion. I have seen thousands together for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardour, without observing an act of violence or a case of intoxication. During a residence of seven months amongst them, I never saw but one intoxicated; though the example, alas! is not wanting on the part of foreigners. It is greatly to be deplored that foreigners, particularly Moguls and Jews, tempt their boatmen and labourers to drink ardent spirits, and have taught a few to hanker after it." It may perhaps be thought that these temperate habits arise from some accidental want of acquaintance with the proper mode of manufacturing intoxicating liquors, but, in reality, the Burman territory has been gifted by nature with peculiar facilities in this respect. A ready-made liquor, of very considerable strength, is procurable from a species of palm-tree, called the *palmyra* by botanists, and by the British residents the *toddy-tree*, from the *toddy* which it yields. "To these trees slight perpendicular ladders are fastened, by which the owner ascends every morning to obtain the sap from a cut made for the purpose. But the regular climbers want no such aid. They tie their feet together, about six inches apart, and thus can apply the sole of each foot to the tree. Locking their fingers together, they clasp the trunk with their arms, and thus ascend with rapidity and ease. The sap or *toddy* is generally drunk immediately, when it is sweet and wholesome, or made into sugar, which resembles that obtained with us from the maple. When suffered to stand four or five hours, it ferments, and becomes more intoxicating than wine, but is rarely used in this state by the Burmans, and almost never to the point of intoxication. From Paghan to Ava this species of palm is very abundant, and produces a large amount of molasses, which sells for one-third of a penny per pound."

Nor is the Burman character devoid of even more important virtues; and it is but justice to mention these, seeing that we are too much accustomed to conjoin this people in our minds with races savage, ignorant, and unpollished. "During my whole residence in the country (says Mr Malcolm), I never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman." As in other warm latitudes, the dress of the lower classes is sometimes more scanty than is exactly consistent with our notions of propriety, but there is no gross offence given to the eye even in this respect.

Parents are extremely kind to children, and on the other hand, "children are almost as reverent to parents as among the Chinese. They continue to be greatly controlled by them, even to middle life; and the aged, when sick, are maintained with great care and tenderness. Old people are always treated with marked deference, and in all assemblies occupy the best seats among those of their own rank." Another favourable trait in the social character of the Burmans, is the comparatively honourable place which the female sex holds among them. Polygamy, indeed, is allowed in the country, but is exceedingly rare, except among the great. Hospitality is also a common virtue of this people.

The other side of the picture shows the Burmans to us in the light of inveterate liars. "Thieving and pilfering are common, but perhaps not more so than in other countries," says Mr Malcolm; but we fear that this view of the matter is too favourable to the Burmans. In passing up and down the rivers of the country, he was in continual danger of attacks from the natives. The authority of the government is not so well sustained as to afford adequate protection to life and property; and to this cause, perhaps, as much as to the evil dispositions of the people, is to be ascribed the prevalence of pilfering in the Burman territory. The pride of the Burmans is so rank and offensive, as almost to deserve enrolment among the vices of their character. "From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in every thing. Houses, dress, betel box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse-equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella; the next have them gilded, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downward.

The very language in which common actions are mentioned, is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of every thing, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more."

It has been mentioned that food is exceedingly cheap in the Burman Empire. In fact, no country on the face of the earth seems to possess so rich an assortment of vegetables, calculated to supply the wants of man. Besides all the common grains and spices, to baccos, the tea-plant, and the sugar-cane, grow abundantly in a natural state. The same may be said of cotton, indigo, and other dye-stuffs. The great superfluity of edible vegetables gave rise, it is probable, to the laws (frequently evaded) that prohibit the use of animal food. The mineral riches of the country are equal to its vegetable wealth. Gold, silver, iron, tin, lead, arsenic, precious stones, sulphur, &c. are all known to abound, although their sources have as yet been but imperfectly drawn upon. The Burmans are not unacquainted with the art of making metallic alloys, and they have become particularly famous for casting bells. "These bells are disproportionately thick (says Mr Malcolm), but of delightful tone. The raised inscriptions and figures are as beautiful as on any bells I have seen. They do not flare open at the mouth, like a trumpet; but are precisely the shape of old-fashioned globular wine-glasses, or semi-spheroidal. Several in the empire are of enormous size. That at Mengoon, near Ava, weighs, as the prime minister informed me, eighty-eight thousand viss—more than three hundred and thirty thousand pounds! It seems almost incredible; but if any of my readers, interested in such matters, will make a computation for themselves, they will find it true. The bell, by actual measurement, is twenty inches thick, twenty feet high, including the ear, and thirteen feet six inches in diameter. A friend, distinguished as a civil engineer, computed the weight, from this measurement, to exceed five hundred thousand pounds, supposing the bell-metal to consist of three parts copper and one part tin. The weight was ascertained by the Burmans before casting, and its bulk in cubic inches proves them to be correct. It is suspended a few inches from the ground, and, like their other great bells, is without a tongue. That at Rangoon is not much smaller. It will be recollected that the largest bell in the United States does not exceed five thousand pounds. The Great Tom, at Oxford, in England, is seventeen thousand pounds, and the famous but useless bell at Moscow, is four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds."

Another mineral product of the country, worthy of notice, is the earth oil, or Petroleum, which is chiefly obtained at one spot on the banks of the Irrawaddy, from wells two or three hundred feet deep. "The wells are about four hundred in number, and occupy a space of about twelve square miles. Men do not go down these wells, but an earthen pot is lowered in, and drawn up over a beam across the mouth, by two

men running off with the rope. The pot is emptied into a little pool, where the water with which it is largely mixed subsides, and the oil is drawn off pure. Each well produces a daily average of one hundred and fifty gallons of oil, which sells on the spot for about 1s. 8d. per cwt. The gross annual produce is about eighty millions of pounds; it is carried to every part of the kingdom accessible by water, and is used for lights, paying boats, and various other purposes. It has the valuable quality of securing wood from the attacks of insects. A boat's bottom, kept properly in order with it, is about as safe as if coppered. It is thought to be a defence even from white ants."

Having already exceeded the proper limits, we must conclude our notice of Mr Malcolm's work by assuring our readers that a perusal of it will give them a very complete idea of the social condition and natural features of the countries visited by the author. As regards the more direct object of his journeyings, also, there is much gratifying information presented in these volumes. A map, and numerous pictorial illustrations taken from sketches by the author himself, add greatly to the interest of this work.

THE SEASONS.

The Seasons are my friends, companions dear:—
Hail Winter with I tend with constant feet,
When over rule, and desert, lake and mere,
He sails triumphant in a rack of sheet,
With his rude joy the russet earth to greet,
Pinching the tiny brook, and infant ferry;
And I will hear him on his mountain-seat
Shouting his hoisterous carol, free and merry,
Crown'd with a Christmas wreath of crimson hollyberry.
Young Spring will I encounter, coy and arch!
When in her humid scarf she leaves the hills,
Her dewy cheek dried by the winds of March,
To set the pebbly music of the rills,
As yet scarce freed from stubborn icicles;
And Summer shall entice me once again,
Ere yet the light her golden dew distils,
To intercept the morning on the plain,
And see Dan Phœbus slowly tend his drowsy wain.
But, pensive Autumn! most with thee I love,
When the wrung peasant's anxious toil is done,
Among thy bound and golden sheaves to rove,
And glean the harvest of a setting sun
From the pure mellowing fields of ether won;
And in some sloping meadow musing sit,
Till vesper rising slowly, widow'd sun,
Reads whisperingly, her radiant lamp now lit,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's holy writ.
—Thomson.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER HANGINGS.

We were favoured a few days since with an opportunity of visiting the extensive paper-works of Messrs J. Evans and Co., at Alder Mills, near Tamworth, where we had the pleasure of witnessing the application of an ingenious and very beautiful piece of mechanism, the invention of the Messrs Evans, to the printing of paper hangings, which cannot fail to produce a complete change in this department of our manufactures, from its superiority over the ordinary method of block printing. The Messrs Evans would have brought their invention into practical operation many years ago, had it not been for the heavy duties imposed on the manufacture of stained papers, which, by limiting the consumption, rendered their invention comparatively useless; a fact which supplies another argument against the imposition of heavy duties upon the manufacturing skill and industry of the country. In connection with the present invention, we may here state that the Messrs Evans took out a patent in February last for an important improvement in the manufacture of paper, by the application of a pneumatic pump in the compression of the moisture from the pulp, by which means the substance is almost instantaneously converted into paper. By this invention, they are, we understand, enabled to manufacture a continuous sheet of paper six feet in width, and nearly two thousand yards in length, every hour. This paper, as it is taken off the reel, is in every respect fit for immediate use, and is conveyed on rollers to another part of the mill, in which the printing machinery is erected, through which it is passed with great rapidity, and receives the impression of the pattern intended to be produced, with all the precision and beauty of finish which machinery can alone effect. In order to connect the operations of the paper-making and printing machines, the Messrs Evans are at present engaged enlarging their premises; and when this alteration is completed, they will be enabled to print, glaze, and emboss the most complicated and delicate patterns in paper hangings, in every variety of shade or colour, as rapidly as the paper can be manufactured. Some idea may be formed of the power of the machinery, and the importance of the invention, when we state that during our visit to the mill, the machinery was working at a rate which would produce sixteen hundred and eighty yards of paper per hour, consisting of two very beautiful patterns, the only hand labour employed being that of one man, who superintended the machinery, and four girls employed in rolling up the paper in pieces of the required length. The whole process of manufacturing the paper from the pulp, and impressing it with the most complicated patterns, is carried on within a comparatively small space, and with a precision and rapidity which affords another instance of the progress and triumph of science and mechanical skill in supplying the necessities and comforts of civilised life.—*Birmingham General Advertiser.*

TREATMENT OF ABORIGINES.

A spot was pointed out to me, a few years ago, in Van Dieman's Land, where seventeen of the natives had been shot, at one time, in cold blood. They had been bathing in the heat of the day, in the deep pool of a river, in a sequestered and romantic glen, when they were suddenly surprised by a party of armed colonists, who had secured

the passes, and, I believe, not one of them was left to tell the tale. Nay, a convict bush-ranger in Van Dieman's Land, who was hanged a few years ago for crimes committed against the European inhabitants of the country, confessed, when under sentence of death, that he had actually been in the habit of shooting the black natives to feed his dogs.—*Dr Lang.*

SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF CURING DEAFNESS.

A short time since, in conjunction with our contemporaries, the Times, the Standard, the Courier, the Record, and other journals, we referred to a very extraordinary discovery which Dr Turnbull, of Russell Square, has recently made in the mode of curing deafness; the efficacy of which mode was tested, in the case of from thirty to forty patients, in the presence of noblemen, members of the House of Commons, physicians and surgeons, and a number of literary and scientific gentlemen. Dr Turnbull has now so far matured his discovery as to be able not only to cure ordinary cases of deafness, but to cure persons who have been deaf and dumb from their infancy, except where there is an organic malformation of the ear. We were yesterday present at another exhibition of the kind alluded to, when we were again furnished with ocular demonstration of the singular efficacy of Dr Turnbull's new mode of treatment of deaf persons. A number of persons, of all ages, and from various parts of the country, who had been deaf and dumb from their infancy, and others who had been deaf for six, eight, ten, twelve, and even twenty years, and who have had their hearing entirely restored, or are in a fair way of its being so, were brought forward and rigidly examined. The cases of cure were, in several instances, of so extraordinary a character, that the spectators could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes. What adds to the wonderful nature of these cures, is the fact, that neither what is called blowing, nor any operation of any kind, is resorted to by Dr Turnbull—the simple application to the ear, of a liquid preparation, which does not cause the slightest pain, being all that is necessary. In many instances the cures are almost instantaneous, and it is only in a few cases that more than five or six applications of the liniment, at intervals of a few days between each, are needed. It is to the simplicity and instantaneous nature of the cures, and the circumstance of any thing in the shape of operation being dispensed with, that we are to ascribe the fact of Dr Turnbull being able to attend (which he has of late repeatedly had to do) to the cases of from 150 to 200 patients in one day. In several instances, which we ourselves witnessed, the cure of deaf and dumb persons, and of others who were deaf only, was so perfect, that the parties could actually hear the ticking of a watch at a greater distance than those persons who had never had any impediment in their hearing. An exceedingly interesting part of the exhibition was that of witnessing individuals who had been born deaf and dumb, attempting to speak. Several of them had made such progress in the course of a few weeks, as to be able to articulate some of the more common words with a wonderful distinctness.—*London paper.*

TALE OF A TUB.

The following droll story appears in the St Joseph's Times:—On the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, of about fourteen, from a naturally frolicsome disposition, became so troublesome, that he was threatened by the captain that he would confine him in a water-cask. Our youngster took no heed, and at his next offence was put into the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. The ship encountered a violent storm, and in a sudden lurch the cask containing the boy rolled into the sea. The circumstance was not noticed by those on board. Fortunately the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach of Cape St Blas. Here the boy made efforts to extricate himself from his prison without success, and in despair gave up to die. Some cows strolling on the beach were attracted to the cask, and one of the number, it being fly time, switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the boy grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed, and set off for life; and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it, as we may say, into a cocked hat. The boy, thus providentially released, was discovered by some fishermen on the Point, and taken into Apalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed north, by the way of Columbus.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

An inhabitant of Horsham, in Sussex, now living, remembers, when a boy, to have heard from a person whose father carried on the trade of a butcher in that town, that in his time the only means of reaching the metropolis was either by going on foot or riding on horseback, the latter of which undertakings was not practicable at all periods of the year, nor in every state of the weather; that the roads were not at any time in such a condition as to admit of sheep or cattle to be driven upon them to London markets, and that for this reason the farmers were prevented sending thither the produce of their land, the immediate neighbourhood being, in fact, their only market. Under these circumstances, a quarter of a fat ox was commonly sold for about fifteen shillings, and the price of mutton throughout the year was only five farthings the pound. Horsham is thirty-six miles from London, and the journey between the two places now occupies less than four hours; more than thirty stage-coaches, travelling at this rate, pass through Horsham every day, on their way from and to the metropolis, in addition to numerous private carriages and post-chaises. The traffic of goods—principally coal and agricultural produce—carried on in the district of which Horsham is the centre, exceeds 40,000 tons a-year, besides which, the road is constantly covered with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep.—*Porter's Progress of the Nation.*

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